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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By JOHN McELROY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Dying Rebellion.

The hopes which had sprung up with every glad Eastertide that the war was to end before another Summer were this time to be fulfilled. The firm conviction of Lincoln that the cause of the Union would eventually be victorious and the steadfast wisdom of Grant's strategy were now to have the reward which the fullness of time always brings to those who wait with faith. Grant could have taken Richmond a month before, but he did not propose to take it until his taking meant the final act of cureless ruin to the Confederacy. Grant's victories were always complete and final. He realized, as Lincoln did, that the only way to crush the rebellion was to actually crush it. No mere taking of places would suffice nor secure the end. The Confederates were Americans, and would not give up the struggle until it was physically impossible to continue it. Far better it was that this hammering, which had to actually beat the resistance out of the Confederate armies, should go on as near our base of supplies and as far from the Confederates' as possible. Since the killing had to continue until the Confederate army was worn out by it, it was best that it should take place along the Petersburg front, where the Army of the Potomac had its supplies brought directly to it by water, than to chase Lee's army back into the country and fight the battle out there.

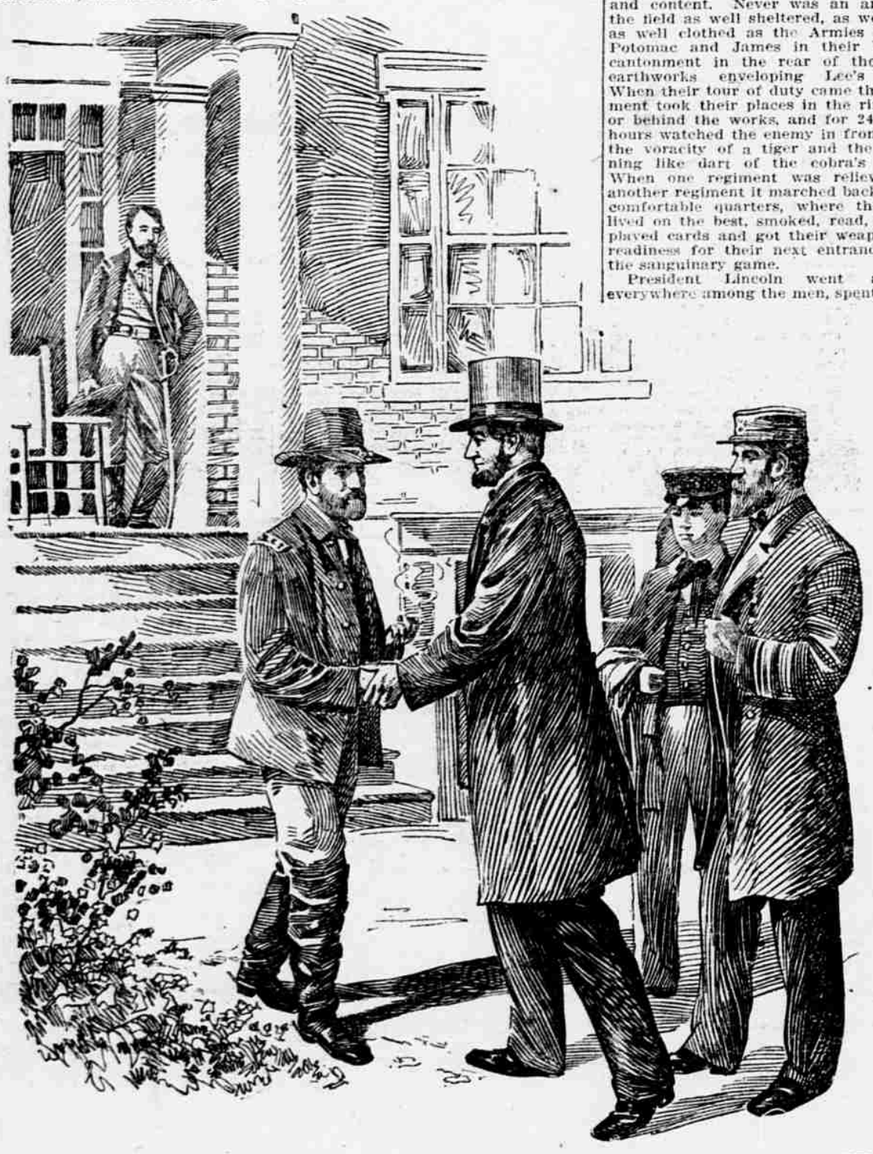
So the terrific game of slaughter had gone on for 10 long months, from the Rapidan to the Appomattox. It had now assumed to the Confederates that awful form of destiny, remorseless, sanguinary, absolutely insatiable as to blood, such as was sung by the savage old Norse bards in their Sagas.

When Grant led the Army of the Potomac across the Rapidan it fixed a mortal clutch upon the throat of the Army of Northern Virginia which nothing could loosen even for a moment.

The horrors of the battle in the burning thickets of the Wilderness, the weeks of incessant reciprocal slaughter at Spotsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor, did not allow the Confederates an hour of respite. The sanguinary encounters of one day only led to still more deadly grapples on the following. Previously in the history of the world soldiers had been given a long rest after one great battle before being called upon to enter another. But now no breathing space came to either of the contending hosts, and the slaughter went on just the same after the two armies had settled down into the intrenchments around Petersburg. From June until March the deep-voiced cannon had not been silent for an hour, and few minutes of the day or night passed without the deadly rifle taking toll of a human life somewhere on the long lines of circumvallation.

The fortitude of the Confederates was only surpassed by the exalted determination of their Union foemen. Confederate regiments which had marched into the tangle of the Wilderness 500 strong had left half of their members in shallow graves before they reached the James, and the decimated remnant, swept and scourged by the Union fire, constantly added to these which stretched back to the gloomy thickets of the twice-fought fields around the Chancellor House.

Those who had so far escaped could see nothing in the future but the opening of soldier graves for themselves. There appeared no end except destruction. Despair seized them, and all the stories that come from the camps of Lee's army during that awful Winter of 1864 are full of the delirium of desperation of men who felt themselves standing on the brink of eternity. This feeling showed itself in religious excitement. Prayer meetings went on daily and nightly in the camps of their armies. It was a retribution worthy of the stern old Hebrew prophets for the contest which had begun four years before in high-blown pride and jaunty contempt alike of the moral sense of the world and the courage and devotion to principle of the defenders of the Union. There was impending over Richmond and the Confederacy such a day of wrath and such a day of burning as the Prophet Jeremiah saw for the Nations who forgot God.



THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, ADMIRAL PORTER AND TAD LINCOLN TO GEN. GRANT AT PETERSBURG.

In the 11 months of constant carnage both sides had at times suffered great losses for which they received no adequate return, but these in a measure balanced themselves. Undoubtedly in the Wilderness as many Confederates were killed as Union men, and at Spotsylvania Lee lost nearly as frightfully as Grant did at Cold Harbor. In the assaults at Petersburg the Army of the Potomac had suffered heavily without compensation, but Lee's army also lost without adequate return at Fort Steadman and elsewhere. In the incessant sharpshooting and minor contests along the lines the losses were probably equal, but every man killed in the Confederate army was another ounce of blood taken from a body already bleeding to death.

The President Visits the Army.

President Lincoln was absorbingly interested in the Army of the Potomac and its success. He recognized that Grant's policy was absolutely a true one to bring about a speedy and lasting peace, and he gave that General, and without question, all that it was in the power of a President to give. He paid many visits to the camps of the army, and these became more frequent during the Winter of 1864-65, and as the time approached when the weather would permit the army to resume active operations in the field. Grant had told him, and he saw it with his own eyes, that the Army of the Potomac had its old enemy at its mercy, and could crush it when the time came. Gen. Grant's main fear was that Jefferson Davis and Lee would do the correct military thing and evacuate Richmond. This would transfer the war to the inaccessible interior and greatly protract it. Jefferson Davis had, however, that haughty pride which leads to utter destruction, and he did as Grant wished him to do by keeping Lee in front of Richmond until the Slave Empire tottered and fell.

Lincoln's most important visit was made toward the end of March, when Grant was only waiting for the roads to become more tolerable to strike the final blow. It is a serious loss to history that no one has perpetuated on canvas the wonderful scene which greeted the President's eyes around City Point. The broad breast of the James River was crowded with gunboats, and behind them fleets of transports which carried to the army of 125,000 men the food which it devoured by the hundred tons daily, the vast quantities of ammunition with which it scourged the enemy's lines, and proportional supplies of clothing and equipments. For 20 miles north of the stream and 35 miles south of it ran the high, sinister lines of fresh-dug earth fashioned into bastions, forts, lunets and breastworks, which frowned with sullen black-mouthed cannon, and was constantly crested with gigantic flower-like circles of smoke, but flowers deadlier than those of the Upas tree, for every one of them bloomed from the muzzle of a rifle aimed with deadly intent at an enemy on the opposing lines.

Behind these lines arose little towns and cities, quaint habitations for thousands, fashioned by the men themselves from such rude materials as came to their hands. In all these little communities were churches or meeting halls, in one there was a theater, and at every step was found an abode upon which the ingenious inmates had lavished taste and skill during their hours of respite from the horrid trade of war along the lines.

Comfort Amid Destruction.

In spite of the deadly trade at which the soldiers, journeymenlike, worked their regular shifts each day, there was a world of comfort and even enjoyment in these rude habitations. When the army had settled down into Winter quarters the experienced soldiers recognized the prospect of a long stay, and housed themselves with the greatest ingenuity and skill, in which work they were assisted by all that their officers and the Government could do. The officers had learned by this time the value of keeping soldiers sound, healthy and content. Never was an army in the field as well sheltered, as well fed, as well clothed as the Armies of the Potomac and James in their Winter cantonment in the rear of the huge earthworks enveloping Lee's lines. When their tour of duty came the regiment took their places in the rifle pits or behind the works, and for 24 or 48 hours watched the enemy in front with the voracity of a tiger and the lightning like dart of the cobra's fangs. When one regiment was relieved by another regiment it marched back to its comfortable quarters, where the men lived on the best, smoked, read, wrote, played cards and got their weapons in readiness for their next entrance into the sanguinary game.

President Lincoln went around everywhere among the men, spent much time in the hospitals, sympathized with the wounded, doing little acts that would gratify them, even writing letters to their parents or their wives. He walked thru the camps freely and talked unreservedly to the men, praising them for their work in the past, and thanking them for their fortitude and constancy of purpose, making those who accompanied him anxious by his tendency to drift into the dangerous zones in front in satisfying his curiosity by actual sight of the enemy and the conditions behind the rugged earthworks a few hundred yards away, over which floated the baleful flag of the Confederacy. One account says of him:

"He would sit for hours, tilted back in his chair, with his hands shading his eyes, watching the movements of the men with the greatest interest. During the occasion of these visits he usually rode one of Gen. Grant's fine bay horses called 'Cincinnati.' He was a good horseman, and made his way thru swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him, and greeted him, wherever he appeared among them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depths of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks."

Toward the end of March President Lincoln went down to see Grant. Sherman had run up from North Carolina to consult his superior as to future operations, and Grant, Sherman and Admiral Porter were all with the President on the River Queen. Mr. Lincoln was then in hopes that the Confederates would see the folly of further resistance and make overtures for peace, and he was greatly disappointed when his Generals assured him that it would require at least one more bloody battle before that consummation. Gen. Sherman asked the President if he were ready for the end of the war, and what would be done with Jefferson Davis and the Confederate armies. Gen. Sherman says of this interview:

"He said," Sherman records, "he was all ready. All he wanted of us was to defeat the opposing armies, and to get the men comprising the Confederate armies back to their homes, at work on farms and in the shops. As to Jeff Davis he was hardly at liberty to speak

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THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

A Week of Great Official Activity Follows His Return—The Message and the Departmental Reports—Formulating Work for Congress—Political Gossip.

The President is grinding away in his new oval office at Government business. The footsteps of the official world and of the political world generally are turning thither every morning and every afternoon. These high personages are preferring their requests, which are many and never-ending. The President is listening and deciding. The pile of papers on his table is growing somewhat less. He is catching up a little, but a great mass of work towers ahead.

Before he eats his Thanksgiving turkey he must put that annual message into shape, he must decide upon scores of appointments to office. This week he is wrestling with prospective legislation. He is talking with Wickersham and with Dickinson and with Knox, his three big stand-bys in the Cabinet. They are long on the law and the Constitution, and the law and the Constitution are having good innings these days. Wickersham has plumped right into the Cabinet meeting this week with all his recommendations for amending the Sherman anti-trust law and the railroad-rate regulation law. He and Knox and Dickinson and the President are about the only men in the land who seem to know what it is all about.

Very abstruse subjects those, altho the country seems to understand what the purpose of the statutes is. The country seems to want a little stricter regulation of railroads. It is not fussing so much about the organization of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the President is very much bent on having such a reorganization, and especially in having a new railroad court of United States Circuit Judges. The effort is to let the bars down a little for corporations by amending the Sherman anti-trust law and also to let the bars down a little for the labor unions, so that they can declare a boycott without their leaders being jailed.

The Proposed Railroad Court.

Further than that the average run of folks probably will not follow the abstruse legal and constitutional arguments now disturbing the even tenor of the President's way. But the average run of folks will study the outcome, when Congress gets down to the President's recommendations and makes the motions of legislating thereon. The Western Republicans, our old friends who are making themselves conspicuous on every matter of state these days, are sending up a big cry against the railroad court. The confidence of that section of the country in the Federal Courts is none too great any way, and they fear if there should be a special court for railroad cases it would, in fact, become a railroad court before which the great transportation lines could get an overfriendly hearing. All that may not be warranted, but it is the way a lot of people across the mountains are feeling about it. Their Senators and Representatives are coming down to Washington to fight the railroad court right to the last ditch, and there will be big speeches against it in Congress this Winter, if, indeed, the amendments proposed for the railroad-rate regulation law get out of the Interstate Commerce Committees of the Senate and House before the robins nest again. And in spite of all the fine talk about hastening legislation and that sort of thing, it is just as well to bear in mind that this is the season of the year when bills are framed and sent kiting thru Congress, and that six months from now will be the season of the year when men forget what they were talking about in November and December, and emphasize the difficulties of overcoming the marvelous inertia of the Congress of the people.

President Taft, of course, knows that little is accomplished by contemplating the possibilities of failure, and he is starting ahead with momentum. He is keeping the members of his Cabinet stepping around right lively in the fore part of every week day. Business cases off in the afternoon, when the hour has arrived for the swift touring car, newly painted, to glide up in front of the White House door to take the President and Senator Bourne aboard and to whizz out over the smooth surface of the pike to the links of the Chevy Chase Club. The famous second elective termer came right back to town as soon as the last lap of the 13,000-mile swing around the circle had been completed, and he is staying right in town all the time, to be on hand when the President takes his afternoon exercise. Vice President Sherman will undoubtedly be taken into the game as of old, when matters become a little more settled. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, the Chief of the Insular Bureau and one of the President's prime friends and favorites, is away hunting for the time being, but the touring car will soon be calling for him, and he will be of the afternoon golfing parties.

Keeping the Cabinet at Work.

Sometimes the President keeps the Cabinet members stepping lively long after he has whizzed away to Chevy Chase. It is notable that he does not often ask any of them out to play with him, especially since he quit horseback riding as a regular form of exercise. In those days Secretary of the Navy Meyer used to come riding a charger up to the rear of the White House frequently, and would ride around and around in a walk till the President had heard the last word with some long-winded visitor or had signed up the last papers on his desk. Secretary of State Knox also used to be asked out for a golf game, but not so much of late.

President Taft believes in making his Cabinet members work, and he lets them attend to a lot of business that other Presidents have attended to themselves. They say it is a smart man who knows how to direct other people to work for him and to do the minor tasks. That is one of President Taft's qualifications. Otherwise he would have less time for recreation and for public addresses and for travel trips.

There is even a suspicion that the President feels a little satisfaction in helping his Cabinet members to make up for their long and pleasant vacations. He knows the stories about preparing those annual reports and all the other polite excuses that are given to the newspapers as reasons for this and that extended journey into the country when the Autumn is resplendent with color. The President knows that most of the annual reports of Cabinet officers are written by their subordinates anyway, and that apart from reading those reports over and making corrections here and there the Cabinet official's task is chiefly in attaching his signature and hurrying the manuscript off to the Public Printer. A little attention must be given to the recommendations, which are the really important part of every annual report, altho those recommendations are often read by no more than a few score or a few hundred people.

The nice little statements about these momentous annual reports can be illustrated by a true story. One Cabinet official hastened back here, was in his office a few days, and stated that he must take the next week to himself to write out that horrid annual report which was haunting him. The facts are that at the moment he was speaking his annual report had been completed—a big round bunch of manuscript—and his signature had been attached thereto. When he was out in the West whirling around the circle of many towns and cities he had telegraphed to one of his assistants to hurry up with the writing of the report, so he could have it to sign when he stopped in Washington for a few hours. And when he had stopped in Washington for a few hours he did put his signature to it.

The Recommendations.

There will not be many important recommendations in the annual reports this year in all probability. The members of the Cabinet are nearly all new to their jobs, have been in office for less than a year, and therefore will not essay many important recommendations till they understand their Departments better. Then, President Taft himself has a fairly good array of recommendations for legislation this year—about all, in fact, that Congress can attend to for a long time to come. Then, why should a poor member of the Cabinet rack his brains about recommendations to Congress, most of which will be given no consideration whatever before next year or the year thereafter?

The President has the right of way. He has advertised his ideas by speeches on his long circuit. The country is thinking about those recommendations more than about anything that a mere Cabinet official can suggest. Even Congressmen are not bringing many new ideas to town this year. They have little else than commonplace talk about the matters the President has been agitating, and are quite as often against those recommendations as for them.

Incoming Congressmen.

That is what the showing has been to date, altho the Congressional arrivals have not been numerous thus far. Your Eastern Senator or Representative does not hurry down to Washington in November. The Western man for that. The lawmakers from the North Atlantic States do not like to come to Washington before Nov. 20, and generally they tarry at home till after Thanksgiving. If the President asks one of them down for a consultation he will take an early train and be Johnny-on-the-spot at the indicated date. He knows that Congress does but little during December, that there is a long holiday recess, when Washington is a delightful place of Winter residence and when he can easily get a talk with the President about legislative and patronage topics. Then, why hasten?

On the other hand, your Western man comes early. He cannot eat his Thanksgiving dinner at home very conveniently, and prefers to reach the Capital during November to get comfortably settled for the Winter and to find a good apartment or a desirable residence before the sooners of Congressional circles have had the pick of what there happens to be upon the market. As a rule, he has some pet idea about legislation to advance, and he burns to let the President know all about it. There is not so much eagerness this year, altho the Western men will have something to say on certain favorite lines, and the President will not be without information regarding the attitude of Western communities.

The first of these political and patronage talks are on this week. Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, insurgent leader, has been the most advertised of these arrivals. As soon as he was ready to start from the West he allowed it to become known that the President had "invited him down," and, as he had been much in the limelight anyway and folks had acquired a habit of talking about him, the news of his summons was carried far and wide. So when he hove into sight at Washington, the pioneer of insurgents reaching Washington for the session, there was more comment and still more when he crossed the threshold of the new White House offices and of the new oval room the very morning after President Taft's return. There were "ahs" and other excited exclamations as he proceeded down the asphalted way, and, with an air of seeming indifference, halted to say "good morning" to those he knew in the Presidential vestibule.

In he went to the oval room, and soon the door opened again and out he came. The President, greatest of American travelers, was having less than 24 hours in town, and, of course, could not spare any of that period for profound talk with the eminent insurgent whom Speaker Cannon would read out of the Republican Party. But he made a date for this week, and in the meantime Washington and the country must remain in suspense. Even former President Roosevelt could not have better advertised a visit to Washington, and Senator Cummins's visit accordingly stands out to the public view as the most conspicuous yet.

The Busy Law Department.

While Senator Cummins was waiting and others of Congress were expectant that the mails would bring one of those telltale letters, bearing the imprint of the White House in the upper left-hand corner, those overworked lawyers of the Cabinet were "getting busy," the chief of the workers being Attorney-General Wickersham. They whipped into final shape the legislative recommendations, they had powwow after powwow for the discussion of intricate constitutional points, and then they went over to the White House offices to tell the President that "the work was ready for his inspection." Now this week the first meeting of the Cabinet since early August has been sitting on the recommendations, deliberating profoundly. The President himself is giving thought to their conclusions. He read them while he was speeding on the train to Middletown, Conn., to help inaugurate Dr. Shankling as President of Wesleyan, and he asked his brother Henry, a lawyer in New York, for expert advice about this point and that point.

But much as these things have been advertised in the daily prints, it is none the less the case that the President has been giving more time to the routine work of his office than to any other business. However much he may rely upon his hard-worked Cabinet, it is indispensable that he have the last word, if it be only a formality, on a great number of questions. There were many important letters which remained unanswered, save for a formal acknowledgment by Secretary F. W. Carpenter when the President was away in the West. There were some letters where the Secretary could draft the answer, but the President ought to sign them. They have been put up to him by the score and the hundred since his return. It may be a simple matter to approve and sign letters, but at best it takes time, even for a President who has people to do everything that he can possibly be relieved of. Cabinet officers and Bureau Chiefs have been pressing for every moment of his working hours, often only to state as succinctly as they could a matter that has been presented, investigated and decided. The President listens, perhaps asks a question or two, makes an observation or two, or simply nods approval, and away goes the Cabinet officer or the Bureau Chief, relieved that that one question can now be disposed of finally.

The Secretary of the Interior.

Secretary of the Interior Ballinger was one of the first to get a little of the President's time. He drove up in his Departmental phaeton very early after the President's first arrival in his office and had a long audience. It came just after a vigorous revival of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy and the publication by former Special Agent L. R. Glavis of the history of the Cunningham coal cases in Alaska. The Rooseveltians the country over had made a great to-do about that history, intended to show that the present Secretary of the Interior had been actively interested as an attorney in rushing those coal claims, involving a fortune as large as Rockefeller's, to final patent. They had no immediate bearing upon the controversy with Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, altho the Department of Agriculture, of which Mr. Pinchot is a Bureau official, has had something to do with the investigation.

The old hurrah about the necessity of throwing either Pinchot or Ballinger to the wolves sounded forth again. The Secretary told his friends anew that he was satisfied with the indorsement President Taft gave him, and the old newspaper files were resurrected to see just what it was that the President said on that occasion. It was really about as strong an indorsement of Ballinger and as vigorous a denunciation of Glavis as Mr. Ballinger himself could have wished. And, of course, Chief Pinchot was interrogated, and he told his friends, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, that he was going to stay right where he was, and if they got him out they would have to throw him out.

Roosevelt Talk.

The talk of a Roosevelt cabal, according to which his friends were earnestly at work laying the foundation for his renomination, was also heralded in most impressive fashion. The particular interest in it was that Cabinet officers had been responsible for putting it forth just before the President came to town. The Rooseveltians did not dare attack the President vigorously in the open, and therefore they were hammering away at members of the Cabinet. Discredit a few of those overworked men and a breach would be made in the wall for further and more direct operations against Taft himself. Had not Secretary of State Knox been viciously assailed for dismissing Charles R. Crane as Minister to China? Had not the motive behind it been declared to be the opposition of the J. Pierpont Morgan interests in Wall Street? Had not Postmaster-General Hitchcock been accused of aiding the Guggenheims to get control of the coal supply of Alaska, which would be worth untold millions of dollars in the distant future? Then the members of the Cabinet must stand together and repel these insinuations. And they did hold a meeting on the case of Ballinger, and got the news of the Roosevelt conspiracy into the newspapers and all that.

Which naturally stimulated curiosity as to what Secretary Ballinger said to the President when he had driven up in his Departmental phaeton the morning after the return. But Secretary Ballinger did not tell and President Taft did not tell, and the tenor of their remarks in the oval room still remain a secret. An eager coterie around the White House offices has been waiting for some sign or portent, perhaps a statement from the Secretary or the President that would warrant tall headlines on the front page and over the first column, but none has been forthcoming. Men have been busy expressing opinions, widely divergent, as to what Roosevelt himself would do or say if he were down at Oyster Bay instead of off in the wilds of Africa, but that was only talking around in a circle, and the comment about a Roosevelt cabal has been gradually fading away. The efforts to get Pinchot out of office and the efforts to get Ballinger out of office and the efforts to boom a renomination of President Roosevelt in 1912, however, will not down. There will be more about them from time to time as the Winter progresses. Bitter political hatreds of men and disapproval of policies are involved, and the agitation, idle as it may be, will be continued.

Incidentally it is worth noting that just about the time all this hurrah about getting Roosevelt back into the White House as Taft's successor was at its hight, Senator Cummins strode forth with the assertion that he expected President Taft would be renominated and re-elected. That took a little wind out of some sails, for it indicated that the Western insurgents as distinguished from the ultra-Rooseveltians were not furthering the 1912 Roosevelt boom.

Vice President Sherman.

Another of the President's early callers was Vice President Sherman, whose request for the nomination of Circuit Judge Alfred C. Coxe as Supreme Court Justice indicated that New York proposes to be around early, and that the Vice President wants not only a fellow-townsman of Utica, but a Republican, named to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Justice Peckham. Undoubtedly big New York lawyers, who are concerned lest New York and the Second Circuit be deprived of representation by the nomination of some one for Justice outside of that circuit to which Justice Peckham belonged, were prompt to urge the Vice President to help out. Circuit Judge Coxe is of distinguished lineage. The late Roscoe Conkling was his kinsman. He was appointed to the United States Circuit Court by President Roosevelt in June, 1902, and was one of the earliest important judical selections that Mr. Roosevelt made.

However, no word came from the oval room as to what the President said about it, for he is keeping his own counsel regarding that Supreme Court vacancy. He will not make the nomination till after Congress meets, and he may not announce his selection till the list of nominations is made up for dispatch to the Capitol.

Thus the procession of visitors, great and small, has been surging against the White House doors, and the President has been shaking hands with them, expressing thanks for sentiments of good will, and all the time edging toward his desk to get the growing volume of business reduced. The procession will be larger and larger as the weeks go by, till after the middle of December, when the tide of travel toward the oval room will begin to subside. Just now the President is anxious to harmonize the two factions of his party upon his legislative program, and much of his effort for awhile will be to persuade the Aldrich-Cannon factions of regulars and the Cummins-La Follette faction of insurgents to agree upon the important things for Congress to do this Winter. If the President can accomplish that he will have gone far. The effect would probably be to harmonize the factions for the Congressional campaign next year and some other topics of factional controversy, particularly those involving the organization of the House of Representatives, would gradually drop into the background. As a matter of fact the President cannot properly bear a hand in any controversy about the Speaker of the House or the rules for the government of that body. It would be generally resented if he did, as Congress is a separate department of Government.

Speaker Cannon.

Speaker Cannon and his powerful friends and Senator Aldrich and his powerful friends will take care of those purely Congressional questions. The Senator has been touring the West recently in a private car, addressing clearing-house associations and bankers' organizations in the cause of educating the public up to the necessity for financial legislation. It is not forgotten that this trip is also giving the West an opportunity to observe that the Rhode Island Senator has neither horns nor cloven hoofs, and that in the flesh he is really an attractive personality. He has been as clever as usual in the presentation of his case, and probably has tickled the Westerners somewhat by the customary "jolly." In Omaha they even warmed up to the extent of presenting him with a pair of "chaps" or leather breeches such as the cowboys wear. The President wanted Senator Aldrich to make this trip, not only in the interest of popular education on financial questions, but in the hope that the visit would accomplish something toward dispelling sectional disapproval of Eastern leaders in Congress. He voiced that hope indirectly in his Bos-

Slow Progress